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THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

How goodly is the earth!
Look round about and see
The green and fertile field;
The mighty-branched tree;
The little flowers outspread
In such variety!
Behold the lovely things
That dance on airy wings;
The birds, whose merriment
Is not of stunted measure;
The grassy vale; the hills;
The flower-bordered rills;
The clouds that lie at rest
Upon the noonday's breast:
Behold all these, and know
How goodly is the earth!

How goodly is the earth!
Its mountain-tops behold;
Its rivers broad and strong;
Its solemn forests old;
Its wealth of flocks and herds;
Its precious stores and gold;
Behold the radiant isles,
With which the Ocean smiles;
Behold the seasons run
Obedient to the sun;
The gracious showers descend;
Life springing without end;
By day the glorious light;
The starry pomp by night—
Behold all these, and know
How goodly is the earth!

How goodly is the earth!
Yet if this earth be made
So goodly, wherein all
That is shall drop and fade;
Wherein the glorious light
Hath still its fellow shade—
So goodly, where is strife
Ever 'twixt death and life;
Where trouble dries the eye;
Where sin hath mastery—
How much more bright and fair
Will be that region, where
The saints of God shall rest,
Rejoicing with the blest!
Where pain is not, nor death—
The paradise of God!

From the Christian Watchman.

LAST DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In 1825 the firm of James Ballantyne & Co., in which Sir Walter Scott was a partner, failed. Scott had trusted every thing to the firm; and his first suspicion that his money was not paying him a handsome interest, was quickly confirmed by the astounding information that he was a debtor to the amount of £120,000.

Scarcely had the extent and certainty of his loss become known, when his resolution was taken.—To regain his fortune, to pay his creditors the last cent, to owe nothing, was his firm, deliberate, noble determination. In his diary, January 24th, 1826, he says: "If they will permit me, I will be their vassal for life, and dig in the mine of my imagination to find diamonds (or what may sell for such) to make good my engagements, not to enrich myself. And this from no reluctance to be called the insolvent, which I probably am, but because I will not put out of the power of my creditors the resources, mental or literary, which yet remain to me."

Two years after this date, he paid to his creditors £40,000 (\$177,000). Before his death, he had crowded into the five years which were spared to him, an almost incredible amount of successful exertion. During that time he wrote *The Life of Napoleon* in nine volumes, an heroic achievement of himself—Count Robert of Paris—Woodstock—Chronicles of the Canongate—the four series of *The Tales of a Grandfather*—*The Fair Maid of Perth*—*Anne of Geierstein*—the *History of Scotland*—four political pamphlets—the *Introduction* and *Notes* to a uniform edition of all his novels—several elaborate *Reviews*, and stories for *Annuals*. Deduct from these five years the time consumed by the discharge of his duties as Sheriff, (two or three hours each day,) the hours devoted to receiving and returning visits, his journey to Ireland and to Paris, the weeks and months in which he was unable to labor at all from the prostrating effects of his malady, deduct in fine, the hours of non-exertion from the hours of exertion, and we have left a space of time startlingly insignificant for the accomplishment of so numerous and so vast achievements. History, certainly literary history, furnishes no parallel example.

But our present purpose merely is, to dwell for a moment on the last few days of the life of this remarkable man. His graphic biographer, Mr. Lockhart, has given to the world an accurate picture of those final, melancholy scenes. To those who have not read this voluminous work, the following extracts may prove interesting.

"It was while returning from Naples, after an unsuccessful attempt to restore his health, that he sustained the last and fatal attack of apoplexy.—With the utmost tenderness and care, he was immediately transported to London, most of the time apparently unconscious. From thence he was shortly afterwards removed to his own delightful residence at Abbotsford.

"He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd, among whom were many gentlemen on horseback, who had loitered about to gaze on the scene. His children were deeply affected, and Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot and wept bitterly. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and while yet alive seemed to be carried to his grave." Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. 4, p. 731.

Having reached Abbotsford, he seemed in a great measure to recover his consciousness.

"Something like a ray of hope broke in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried into his garden. We produced a Bath chair from Huntly, Burn & Laidlaw, and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds then in full bloom. The grand-children admired the new vehicle, and were helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly upon them, and the dogs their companions, and now then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By and by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us—said he was happy to be at home—that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all. He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more, up and down the great hall and library. 'I have seen much,' he kept saying, 'but nothing like my own house—give me one turn more.' He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again, the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day."—p. 732. "Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a

couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked him what book, he said—'Need you ask?—There is but one.' I chose the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, 'Well, this is a great comfort—I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'—p. 733.

"On Monday he remained in bed and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday, the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him, from off his shoulders, said, 'This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk.' He repeated this so earnestly, that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall into the spot where he had been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, 'Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself.' Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks."—p. 733.

"As I was dressing on Monday, the 17th of September, Nickolson came into my room and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' He paused, and I said, 'I don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all.' With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. About half-past one P. M. on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."—p. 736.

For Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

THE SABBATH ABOLISHED.

The following are the concluding remarks of the first lecture in Tracts for the Times, No. 3. Read it. The Bible discarded, we are heathens. The Sabbath abolished we are slaves! Its equalizing influence is remarkable. While it lays hold of the proud, monopolizing aristocrat, and brings him down to his proper elevation, it seeks out the poor, the afflicted, and the ignorant, and stripping them of the filth and rags of drudgery, it throws over them the habiliments of the sanctuary, and brings them to sit by the side of their fellows of higher rank, where all earthly distinctions are lost in the solemnities of holy worship! Here tyranny is annihilated, and the poor man becomes himself. Hence," says Prof. Agnew, "the Sabbath is the poor man's friend. It scatters joy and gladness over his path. To him it is the bursting of a bubbling fountain in the scorching desert—the green spot on earth's wilderness, where his eye rests with pleasure—the rising of a star like that of Bethlehem, to point him to the place of peace."

The laboring portion of our population have a vast worldly interest in the Sabbath, to say nothing of any other. On its maintenance depends their life, their fortunes, their intelligence, their liberty, their equality! Many in the service of Sabbath breaking employers, have even now to work seven days for a week, or not work at all, and receive only a suitable compensation for six. O, ye honest, industrious, but indigent fellow citizens, as you value life, as you value liberty, as you value equal rights and immunities, as you hate ignorance and oppression, maintain the Sabbath! This is your strong hold! While this stands you stand! Here you may rest! Here you may sit down with your wives and children, on equal ground with lords and dignitaries! For these privileges our honored fathers suffered and bled. Shall we sacrifice them to our own temerity? Shall we join hands with infidels and oppressors, to draw down relentless vengeance on our own heads? Look at Glory and tremble. Where is her honor—her glory—her religion—her liberty! They fell with her Sabbath, and were buried with her Bible.

Once more. The Sabbath abolished as a day of worship, is a holiday established. Not for all indeed. Those only will be permitted to participate in its festivities, who escape the cruel grasp of poverty and oppression. Of such days we have a few now, and sad days are they for morality. A law of the multiplied influences set at work to restrain vice, it sweeps away every barrier, and swells with a mighty increase. The friends and guardians of public morals, therefore, deprecate their return as the harbingers of sin and shame.—Let *Come-out-ism* succeed, and we shall have added to the number of these days, one in every week. There can be no mistake—the result is certain—it has never failed! Instead of the Sabbath to review the sins of an annual muster, or Fourth of July, and repent of them, there will be another day of dissipation. Instead of the church, there will be the circus, the race course, the theatre,—instead of the pulpit, there will be the stage,—instead of the Bible, there will be the daily comic,—instead of prayer and sacred melody, there will be profanity and the singing of lewd songs,—instead of public worship, there will be public shows, the roar of cannon, military parades and political processions. Instead of temperance and peace, there will be quarrelling, fightings, and debauchery. Instead of Sabbath school instruction, there will be gambling, sporting, robbery and murder. Instead of righteousness, there will be sin! Instead of the triumph of heaven, there will be the triumph of hell. And all these the legitimate progeny of *Come-out-ism* successful.

Who, then, will rally to its defence? What Christian? Christianity blushes at the thought. What moralist? Morality turns away in disgust. What friend of temperance, of the slave, of his race? None! Pardon me. The question is reprehensible. I would rather ask, who will not lift up his voice against it? Who will not deprecate and resist its influence as the deadliest miasma that floats in our moral atmosphere? O, as you love truth and righteousness,—as you love rest, when weary,—your children, and your fire-

side, the Bible, and the Sabbath,—as you love civilization, sanctified and perfected by religion,—the poor, whom ignorance and cupidity would force to perpetual labor,—as you love man, whether bond or free,—your God and your country, I entreat you, my hearers, give this evil no countenance. Shun its periodicals, pamphlets, conventions, lectures, and assemblies, as you would the gates of death. They will poison you and your children, and lay the foundation of grief and sorrow when it is too late to repent. Anti-Slavery and temperance men you ought to be, but not infidels. Of these causes you ought to read, but not in support of this combination of mischiefs. 'TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT!'

For Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

THE NIGHT.

"An undevout astronomer is mad."—Young.

Who can go forth at night, and gaze
On all the wonders of the star deck'd sky,
And render not the heart's adoring praise
To Him who placed those shining orbs on high?

Who can read that page of light,
And perceive that there, 'There is a God' of love,
Of wisdom infinite, of awful might,
At whose command in order planets move?

See where the sun hath sunk to rest,
While twilight reigns in mingled night and day;
Dinly and seldom seen, now cheers the west
The planet Mercury on her shining way.

Next Venus, in her robe of white,
Walks forth, the beauty of the shining plain.
Then warld Mars sheds forth his crimson light,
And elder planets follow in his train.*

Peerless, with his attendant four,
In proudly light, great Jupiter appears;
In pomp he moves his lengthened circuit o'er,
And measures his with twelve of earth's short years.

Pale Saturn next appears in view,
With seven moons and circling zones of light;
And ere she passes her long journey through,
Three tens of solar years shall mark her flight.

Last of the train fair Herschel shines,
With his six moons along his distant way,
With four score years and four, he has defined;
And faintly sheds to earth his borrowed ray.

Who can go forth at night, and gaze
On the bright Moon, and on the star deck'd sky,
And not be lost in wonder, love and praise
To their great author, God! our friend on high.

Fitchburg, Dec. 28, 1845. AMOS WALTON.

*The Asteroids, Vesta, Juno, Ceres and Pallas.

MISSIONARY.

From the Missionary Advocate.

SHALL WE HAVE A MISSION IN CHINA?

This question is put to the Methodist Episcopal Church, a great and powerful branch of Immortal's army. The conquest of the world to Christ, while it is one of the most stirring themes of prophecy, is a subject most congenial to the best feelings of the regenerate heart, and that to which the expanding charities of the Gospel invariably lead. For the accomplishment of this predicted and most desirable result, the Methodist Episcopal Church has been directing her energies in the form of missionary effort more than a quarter of a century. Nor has she put forth her efforts in vain. Thousands of the aborigines of our own country have, through her instrumentalities, been civilized and evangelized; many of whom have triumphantly passed over the cold stream of Jordan, and are now in the palace of angels and of God. Thousands of the unhappy descendants of Ham in this country, and hundreds of native Africans upon their own soil, have, by the labors of her missionaries, been gathered into Christ's fold, and made the heirs of an endless life. And though only a few years have passed since she began to direct her particular attention to the German population of the United States, she is already permitted to rejoice over nearly four thousand converted Germans, the most of whom, we have good reason to believe, will praise God to all eternity for her sympathies and missionary zeal on their behalf. This field is constantly enlarging, and the prospects for a most ample harvest of souls are every successive year brightening more and more.

But though it must be admitted that the Methodist Episcopal Church has done much already, and that, in proportion to the means employed, her missionary successes have been equal to those of any other Church, yet it is a question she should do well to consider, Whether she has done all she could for the world's conversion? Has she, in view of her resources and capacities for the work, done all she was bound to do for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world? Who will venture to answer these questions in the affirmative? Surely, in view of her numerical strength and pecuniary resources, it will be admitted on all hands that she is capable of more extended efforts, and of wielding a mightier influence than she has yet exhibited. We are aware it may be said that her numerical strength has been greatly diminished by the new ecclesiastical organization at the South. This will be admitted at once; but then it must be borne in mind that this new southern organization has assumed its full proportion of obligation toward the missions hitherto established. The Methodist Episcopal Church is not therefore crippled or embarrassed by this movement, but, perhaps, better prepared than before to add new missionary fields to those she now occupies. While she consents that Texas, for which she has labored so long and so successfully, shall in future be provided for by the South, may she, ought she not to adopt China in its place? Here are between three and four hundred millions of immortal beings who are every day becoming more and more accessible to Christian instrumentalities. These, too, are a part of the inheritance pledged to the Redeemer. And shall the Methodist Episcopal Church have no part in rescuing these alienated myriads from idolatry, superstition and death? Will she continue to look on with apparent unconcern while sister denominations are rallying to the charge, and seizing the most prominent and favorable posts for a successful campaign against the powers of darkness? It cannot, it must not be. That Church which has heretofore appropriated to herself the title of a missionary Church, and even gloried in the appellation, will insist upon sharing in the trophies of almighty grace which are to be won in this field. Never will she rest until missionaries of her own selection, designated as her "messengers," and sustained by her bounty, shall unfurl the banners of the cross in the celestial empire. Never can she feel that she is discharging the duties she owes to God and his cause till China is numbered among her missionary stations.

All that is needed to enable our Missionary Society to enter at once upon the culture of this opening and extensive field is an enlargement of

her funds. We speak advisedly when we say, that suitable men for this work can be obtained. We know of some who are only waiting the sanction of the legitimate authorities of the Church, and they will cheerfully and gladly adopt China as the sphere of their future labors. These, too, are young men, possessing good constitution, of vigorous intellect, of high mental culture, and, therefore, well adapted to the work of acquiring a new and difficult language. To all these qualifications we may add, they are young men of deep and ardent piety, and self-sacrificing zeal. In a letter recently received from one of them, we find the following:—"In the first place, I wish you to inquire if the Missionary Board wish to send out a missionary or missionaries to China? If so, I beg that I may be informed of it, and, if possible, be one of the number. If this cannot be, I wish, if practicable, to go out at the same time (or before, if opportunity offers), at my own charge. If any method can be adopted by which I can pay my way to China—as clerk, or supercargo, or even as a private hand—thank God! I have a strong right arm, and am willing to use it in pulling my way to China."

The above extract furnishes a specimen of disinterested zeal, unfeigned purpose and Christian endurance, well adapted to the missionary work anywhere. With such a spirit as is here manifested, our missionaries could hardly fail of success. And can the Church indulge, without criminality, in a spirit of apathy while such men are imploringly beseeching her to designate and send them forth as her accredited "messengers" to the perishing millions of China? All that seems to be lacking at present, for the prosecution of this noble object, is pecuniary means. And surely it will not be said that the Church is unable to furnish the necessary funds. So far is this from being true, that we venture the statement, that the superfluities alone, indulged in by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, cost, annually, more than double the amount of the yearly contributions of the whole Church for the support of missions. This fact, we are sure, cannot be successfully denied; and, while it exists, it must exist as her reproach, and as a refutation of any alleged inability to sustain and extend her missionary enterprises. And if her comparatively limited efforts for the world's conversion cannot be set down to the score of inability, there would seem to be no excuse for her delinquency. She cannot plead ignorance of the perishing state of the heathen, nor of the adaptation of the Christian system to their wants; and possessing, as she does, to a great extent, the means and instrumentalities for their regeneration, she cannot be innocent, and not employ them.

It gives us great pleasure, however, to know that there are not a few warm hearts in the Church who deeply sympathize with the efforts now making to evangelize China. A very responsible brother in this city made a proposition at one of our anniversary meetings in May last, to be one of a given number to pay \$100 per annum for ten years, for the purpose of establishing a Methodist Episcopal mission in that vast empire. To this proposition there have already been four or five responses. We need at least twenty to warrant the enterprise. As it would not be advisable to commence the mission with less than two or three missionaries, and as it would require several years of patient toil and perseverance to acquire the language of the country, it is thought that a fair experiment could not be made in less than ten years. We have our mind's eye upon three competent brethren, who are only waiting the call of the proper authorities of the Church, and they will cheerfully enter upon the duties of this difficult, though glorious enterprise. That call, we have good reason to believe, will be made whenever the means shall be pledged to sustain the project. Who will respond to our brother's proposition? Are there not twenty men, among all the wealthy members of the Church, who are willing to consecrate a part of their ample means in carrying forward an object like this? Our general missionary committee, who alone are competent to establish new missions in the foreign field, will meet in the ensuing spring. It is all important that the proposition should be carried out before that time. It will take but a very short time for twenty or thirty of our liberal friends to decide the question relating to a China mission. How many responses shall we have, and who will they be? For the answers to these questions we shall wait with anxious desire and confident hope.

CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

TO THE TREASURER OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Dear Brother Lane.—You can hardly imagine the joy that I felt on seeing a piece for the first time in the Christian Advocate and Journal, on the duty of Christians leaving something for the spread of the knowledge of redemption above ground, while they themselves shall be sleeping beneath it. For a number of years I have been trying to do what I could to persuade my dear fellow men not only to give their hearts to God, but also to do all in their power for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, by giving freely of their substance while living, and leaving something at the time of their exit for the same object. Much is being said and done to stir the proud waves of Romanism from utterly sweeping away the peculiar doctrines and institutions of our beloved Protestantism, and deluging our country with corruption and darkness. All this is well—very well; yet after all it does seem to me that the true cause of alarm arises more from a state of things existing at home among ourselves, than from the state of things abroad. I have greatly misapprehended the facts in the case, if the backbone of Romanism be not still with the Protestant churches. What constituted the spine, the first formation of the man of sin? was not an inordinate love of riches and worldly grandeur? a forbidden anxiety for wealth? a longing desire to be Dives in a splendid mansion, to be clad in richer attire, and fare more "sumptuously every day" than others? And all this too, while the cause of a self-sacrificing Jesus "lay at the gate" a beggar in the streets, doomed to subsist upon the few crumbs which might chance to fall from luxury's table.—Pray, my dear brother, is there nothing of this among Protestants? Is there no sighing for wealth, merely to gratify a spirit of selfishness? If as Protestants we have clean hands in this matter, then have we nothing to fear from Romanism—but if a money-loving, money-seeking, money-grasping spirit is increasing among us as ministers and as members, if as riches increase, our disposition for benevolence lessens, then, in that case, there is great cause of alarm. Under the circumstances supposed, Romanism will be on-ward in its march, until its proud banner shall wave over every city on this continent—until all that dishonors God and disgraces the name of Christian in the form of religious duties, rites and ceremonies, shall be everywhere seen ripe and rampant. It has long seemed strange to me, that so little concern appears to be felt among Christians in this enlightened age, in regard to the sin of covetousness. If the church were evidently falling off into licentiousness, in any considerable numbers, the pulpit would thunder, and the press

would lighten until the evil was removed. And shall we leave the sin untouched, which in all probability has sent more souls into endless perdition than all other vices put together? What other sin has God rebuked with equal severity, and in the awful manner in which he has rebuked covetousness? He has settled it as an unalterable principle of his government, a rule by which to regulate his decisions "at the judgment of the great day," that in all cases, indifference to the wants and miseries of others shall be counted a sin of sufficient magnitude to send a soul to endless fire and pain. See Matthew 25: 41—46. Nor will it be sufficient that we have now and then doled out a cold morsel to the hungry stranger who called at our door. No, we are bound by the rule laid down in the text referred to above, on pain of "departing into everlasting fire" to look up the needy and relieve him if reasonably in our power to do so. What must be the doom of those men, who excuse themselves from year to year from giving a single penny for the alleviation of human wretchedness, merely because the agent or preacher failed to urge them to duty?—Verily we may be urged to duty, but shall never be urged into heaven. None but those who voluntarily perform God's holy requirements can ever enter there. For more than twenty years I have been a strict observer of the operation of "legacies" upon children, and am fully satisfied, that in a large majority of cases, they have in some way seriously injured those they were intended to benefit. I entertain not a single doubt, but many, very many professing Christians have lost their souls in procuring wealth, and their children have lost theirs in spending it. O God the Lord, graciously vouchsafe to the church the true spirit of Gospel benevolence.

November 7, 1845. ZACHREUS, JR.

THE LOST CHILD.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Weekly Gazette gives the following account of a hunt for a lost child in one of the thinly peopled neighborhoods of the West:—

About 10 o'clock in the morning was heard a loud shout at the gate—"Ho! Mr. W., ho!" "What's the matter?" "O'Larry's boy is lost—little Johnny!" This was enough to secure a father's aid; and on he rode to shout the same at every door he passed. Little Johnny! said I, and my heart burst forth at the very sound. He was a fair and lovely child, Johnny, and had a gentle, affectionate mother, with an ardent and sacrificing love which few mothers ever feel. His father was a bold hunter—his horses and hounds and rifle had more of his heart than all the world besides; but little Johnny nestled there; indeed he was a great pet with the neighbors, and won more caresses and more sympathy than all the rest of the children together.

Such appeals are always sovereign; but few, perhaps, have ever met with a more quick or general response—everybody turned out—the news flew like lightning; and men and boys for ten miles around came in to assist in the search, while women and children were running to and fro, and hailing every passer by, to learn the progress of the work. Never before, I may dare say, was there such a neighborly union as now pervaded this motley mass—the same gush of sympathy, the same fervent apprehension, and the same images of death and woe, pervaded every home and heart. It seemed as if one vast cloud of gloom enwrapped the region round, from which shone out in lurid glare, and to which every eye was turned, and every pulse beat true—the lost child!

Little Johnny was about four years old: he had been out in the field, with his father and the black man, who were harvesting corn—had filled his little bag with roasting ears, and started for home about two o'clock, P. M. On returning at night, they ascertained that the child had never been seen. It was nearly dark, but the alarm was given, and some fifteen or twenty neighbors took their horses and commenced the search. The corn, where he was last seen, was the first object of course; here they took single rounds, and scoured the field in vain. They then scattered through the woods; the father frantic, often calling out in a voice of thunder, "Ho! Johnny—ho! Johnny—O, Johnny!" Then, fearing the boy might be alarmed and afraid to answer, he would soften down into the gentle, winning tone of the freemason—"Johnny, Johnny my dear, father's come."

It was a cloudy evening; and though, perhaps, he had never bowed the knee "before Jehovah's awful throne," he prayed—"O how earnestly he prayed the Lord it might not rain that night. The air was damp and chilly, so that, if the child were alive, with his bare feet and light jacket, he must be suffering cruelly from cold. But the wolves!—ah, this was the fear, this the terror, which all felt, none dared to breathe. A wolf had been prowling around the premises—indeed, they had a common path across the prairie—and the point where several besides myself had heard the cries of distress, was a famous haunt for them; even in the midst of their anxious search, a distant growl would now and then burst on the ear, picturing forth the den, the cub, the—

The dogs were very eager in the field, especially Wolf. Windy, one of the best, would run no other trail. O'Larry kept this, and watched with most intense anxiety his every move. He scents—he scents—he runs—"O my God, he's got my boy!" He leaps from his horse, he sees the foot-print of his own dear Johnny in the gopher hill by his side—he tracks him to the wood, and off from Windy's trail—ah, now he breathes again.

The search was continued till midnight, when a part thought it best to relieve their horses, and wait for daylight to begin afresh. But the father, with three of his hunting friends, who had resolved not to eat or sleep till they had found the boy, still kept on—sometimes riding, sometimes walking—calling and shouting, if for no other purpose than to keep the wolves at bay. At length they stationed themselves within hearing distance of each other, and sat down to protect the child, or rush to his rescue, in case they should hear him attacked, to wait until the morning.

Early dawn, about fifty new horsemen arrived, and the search commenced anew. The field was examined for the track, which was pursued with some doubt, as he had been there three successive days. On tracing the path which led towards the wolf woods, the imprints of Johnny's little feet were again discovered, as he appeared to be running, and the mark of his bag dragged along by his side. Here the father's anguish gushed anew, as the fears of the preceding night were justified and corroborated. They now agreed to take a station of about fifteen rods abreast, go up one side of the branch and down the other, till the whole surface of the extensive area, farther than he could possibly have travelled, had been explored. They had completed one side, and were returning, when the signal was given—Johnny was found! The noisy shouting, and repeated peals of the hunters' horns, soon grouped the solemn cavalcade.

But O'Larry, though foremost in the hunt, fell back at the first note of the summoning horn, nor

did he speak a word, or scarcely breathed, till he snatched his own true Johnny from the arms of his delighted bearer, and pressed him with a frantic fondness to his now bursting heart. The dear boy was found about two miles from home, in a thicket of hazel, picking berries, with his bag of corn still on his arm. He looked bright and happy; and when asked where he was going, said he was going home, but it was so far. He said he hadn't seen anybody, but he heard some one call him, and that he was afraid; that he ran till he was very tired, and then he laid his head down on his bag and cried—that while he was crying he saw a big carriage go by with candles in it, (the thunder and lightning), and then it grew very dark, and he asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep. He seemed amazed to see so many around him, and all so glad to see him.

HABITS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

HOMER, it is said, had such an aversion to natural music, that he could never be prevailed on to walk along the banks of a murmuring brook; nevertheless, he sang his own ballads, though not in the character of a mendicant, as recorded by Zolius.

VIRGIL was so fond of salt, that he seldom went without a box-full in his pocket, which he made use of from time to time, as men of the present day use tobacco.

ZOROASTER, it is said, though the most profound philosopher of his time, theoretically, was very easily put out of temper. He once carried his irritability so far as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he chanced to stumble over it in the dark.

SHAKESPEARE, though one of the most generous of men, was a great haggler. He was often known to dispute with a shopkeeper for half an hour on the matter of a penny. He gives *Honour* credit for a portion of his own disposition, when he makes him say, "I would cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

PETER CORNELIUS, the greatest wit of his time, so far as concerns his works, was remarkably stupid in conversation, as was also Addison, who is acknowledged to have been one of the most elegant writers that ever lived.

HANDEL was such a miser, that at the very time he was in the receipt of fifty pounds a night from the opera, he was frequently known to wear a shirt for a month, to save the expense of washing.

SAMUEL RODGERS is an inveterate punster, albeit from his poetry one might suppose him to be the gravest man in Christendom. He has one peculiarity that distinguishes him from all poets, past, present and to come; i. e. three hundred thousand pounds.

YOUNG wrote his "Night Thoughts" with a scull and a candle in it, before him. His own scull was luckily in the room, or very little aid would have been yielded by the other.

It is said that DRYDEN was always cupped and physicked previous to a grand effort at tragedy. BENJAMIN had a desk of forty divisions through which his sonnets passed in succession, before they were published; and at each transition they received correction.

MILTON used to sit leaning back obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it. He frequently composed lying in bed in the morning; but when he could not sleep and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make; at other times his unpremeditated lines flowed easy, with a certain impetus and ecstacy, as himself used to believe. Then, whatever the hour, he rang for his daughter to commit them to paper. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half that number. These may appear trifles; but such trifles assume a sort of greatness, when related of what is great.

THUASUS tells us, that TASSO was frequently seized with violent fits of distraction; which yet did not prevent him writing excellent verses.—LUCRETIUS, also, "running distracted by drinking a love potion, wrote some books during his lucid intervals."

THE IRREVOCABLE DOOM.

The hour is coming, and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and best; the hour is coming, when we must bid adieu to the scenes which please us, to the family we love, to the friends we esteem. Whether we think, or whether we think not, that body which is now warm and active with life, shall be cold and motionless in death—the countenance must be pale, the eye must be closed, the voice must be silenced, the senses must be destroyed, and the whole appearance must be changed by the remorseless hand of our last enemy. We may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution; but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain.—We know that we are sentenced to die, and although we sometimes succeed in casting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we never can entirely remove it. The reflection haunts us still; it attends us in solitude, it follows us into society, it lies down with us at night, it awakes with us in the morning. The irrevocable doom has passed upon us, and too well do we know it, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."—Townsend.

MORAL REVOLUTIONS.

The New York Mirror says:—"There perhaps has never been a greater moral revolution than that effected by the present Grand Sultan of Turkey, which is at length shaking off the ignoble slumber of centuries and now rapidly progressing towards civilization. The iron grasp of which Mohammedanism so long kept the minds of the people, is relaxed, and the rights of man and his powers of self-government are now recognized. The idea of a Congress ever being convened in Turkey would once have been scouted as absurd, and yet we see that the Grand Sultan has actually called a Parliament, consisting of delegates from all parts of the Empire, for the purpose of taking into consideration the present state of the public affairs. This is certainly one of the wonders of the age, and may be considered as a forerunner of events, even more extraordinary. It would seem as though Christianity was descending upon this hitherto benighted region with 'healing on her wings.'

Dr. FRANKLIN, it is said, being once in the company of several ladies of the English nobility, after hearing their criticisms on various authors, proposed reading the translation of a pastoral, for their amusement. He read, with a few verbal alterations, the book of Ruth. They were enraptured with the pastoral, and pronounced it the finest they had ever heard. The Doctor then gravely told them that he had read it from the Bible—that on-despised book.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

The Israelites of the city of New York have unanimously elected Dr. Lillenthal, as the Chief Rabbi for the ensuing year. He was recently from Russia.

Oberlin.—The institution at Oberlin, Ohio, has for years been very much embarrassed by a debt of about fifteen thousand dollars. Several of the creditors gave notice that they would not wait for the payment of the debt until the first day of January, 1846. In the emergency, a great effort was made to raise the \$15,000 by New Year's day. About \$3,000 was subscribed at Oberlin, and several gentlemen in Rochester, Troy, New York, and this city, put down \$1000 each, and others smaller sums, so that the effort is likely to prove entirely successful.

We see it stated, in the St. Louis Republican, that the Rev. Barth Weid, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, takes charge of those members of said Church in the city of St. Louis, who have not united with the southern organization, and that Dr. Akers will hold his first quarterly meeting there on January 10th and 11th, 1846.

Thanksgiving in Louisiana.—Gov. Mouton has appointed Thursday, the 15th of January, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving in Louisiana. This is the first time in the history of the State, that a Thanksgiving day has been appointed.

College of the Propaganda.—This Institute at Rome, says the New York Express, has now eleven students from the United States, (one of whom is a son of the late highly esteemed Dr. Ives of this city), seven or eight from British America, and about a hundred from other nations besides Italy.

Rev. Edward Hengstenberg.—This gentleman, brother of Rev. Dr. Hengstenberg, (editor of the "Evangelischen Kirchenzeitung," and professor in the University of Berlin, Prussia), lately arrived in this country, and after a brief visit to Baltimore, proceeded southward, via Washington city. He travels under the auspices of the Prussian government and the object is, to ascertain the precise condition, wants, &c., of the German churches in the country. After spending the winter in the southern States and Texas, he contemplates returning to the North.

Secular Miscellany.

The population of New York, by the census for 1845 is 3,600,341; males, 1,313,335; females, 1,287,006. Increase in five years, 170,938, of which 57,977 is in the city of New York, with its environs, Brooklyn and Williamsburg. The population of New York city, 371,102, is now greater than the aggregate population of Rhode Island, Delaware, Arkansas and Florida was in 1840, it exceeds that of Connecticut, and wants but about 2,000 of being as great as that of New Jersey.

We record the fact with alarm, knowing that the population of the city of New York embraces a vast body of men living utterly estranged from God, and many of them sunk in the depths of iniquity. All the Tract, Bible, and Sabbath school efforts for the destitute ought to be increased tenfold.

In New England it is an almost universal custom to ring the church bells at 9 o'clock in the evening. The origin of the practice is pointed out by a correspondent of the Hartford Courant, who found in the early records of the county courts, numerous examples of fines for "night walking," and the following order, made by the Governor and six magistrates, at a Quarter Court, held in Hartford, on the second day of March, 1664—"To prevent Disorderly Meetings, and Inconveniences for the future of that kind of unreasonable times in the night, and to the great disturbance of the peace of the county, we do hereby order, and appoint the Townsmen of Hartford to agree with some suitable man to toll the Bell every Night at Nine of the Clock."

The Wall of China.—Schlegel, in his Philosophy of History, speaking of this stupendous fabric, says—"Such is the height and thickness of this wall, that it has been calculated that its cubic contents exceeds all the buildings in England and Scotland; or again, that the same materials would serve to construct a wall of ordinary height and moderate thickness, round the whole earth."

What a change!—The dinner for the Pilgrim society at Plymouth, on Monday, Dec. 22d, was prepared at the United States Hotel in Boston, and conveyed over the Old Colony Railroad to Plymouth, after it was cooked, in an hour and a quarter, smoking hot! Two hundred and twenty-five years ago, the Pilgrims brought their provisions from the Mayflower, and dug some clams upon the shore, and cooked their dinner in an iron pot hung by a crooked stick resting upon two crooked trees, over a fire made upon a snow bank! Quite an improvement since that time, but no improvement to the health of the consumer.

One-Eyed Soldiers.—Dr. Durbin, in his late valuable work, entitled "Observations in the East," just published by the Harpers, says that in some parts of Egypt, to avoid the conscriptions of Mehmet Ali, the women have been in the habit, for years back, of maiming their children so as to unfit them for military service. The destroying of one eye was a common operation. But the Pacha has taken an effectual way to put an end to this cruelty, by forming two regiments of one-eyed soldiers. The evil is said to be already much diminished.

Henry the Fourth being instigated by the impurity of his persecuting, godless Parliament to propose war against the Protestants, hit upon a cunning expedient which effectually answered his purpose. He was this: The King declared he would make every member a captain of a company in the army if they carried the measure—whereupon they voted down the diabolical proposal instantly.

Political Items.

Oregon and Mr. Calhoun.—A Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says:—

"I speak not without good authority in saying that Mr. Calhoun has, since his arrival here, been actively engaged in an effort to promote the adjustment of the Oregon question. He interposed between the British minister and our government, and procured a reopening of communications between them. Several friendly conferences took place, and the United States, in all probability, ensue a speedy compromise of the question on the basis of the 49th parallel, as heretofore proposed by our government."

The same paper has the following passage in relation to Mexico:—

"We may soon expect important information from Mexico. An organic law of that republic forbids the alienation of any portion of the national domain. On this point Herrera is assailed and will be overthrown. The question is, whether Paredes, after coming into power as the champion of the integrity of the Mexican republic, will proceed to acknowledge the independence of Texas, yield a portion of the state of Coahuila, and cede the whole of Upper California! It is almost impossible that any but a Mexican statesman would be guilty of such inconsistency and treachery. Mr. Sidel is instructed not to dally nor temporize, but to bring his negotiation to a close in one way or another, very speedily. It is not at all probable, therefore, that Mr. Sidel will soon return, and that our government will take strong measures for enforcing its demands upon Mexico. A war with Mexico is not at all improbable, and, indeed, it will certainly take place, if Paredes should be supplied with money by the Mexican clergy or the English capitalists in Mexico, which is very likely to be the case."

Our Relations with Mexico.—Alluding to the recent arrival of a messenger from Mexico, the N. Y. True Sun says:—

"The only intelligence brought by this messenger that has as yet been made public, is that which was first communicated through the Washington Union, and from it transferred to our columns, in which was given a brief account of the revolution under General Paredes and Urrea, who were marching successfully towards the capital with 8000 men, and of whose success there was a strong prospect."

Now we have good reason to believe that this revolution, and the consequences Mr. Sidel apprehended from it, were the main, if not the only subject of importance embraced in the budget of Mr. Sidel's messenger to Washington; and that these advisers have been the most important ever received by our government from that quarter. Indeed, we feel warranted in saying that they include not only an anticipated overthrow of the present Mexican administration, but also an entire overthrow of the amicable un-

derstanding which had been restored between that government and our own. The dispatches have created more immediate concern, if not in fact, excitement in the President's councils, than has the Oregon question since its re-activation; and the attention of Congress will doubtless be immediately directed to the subject. It behooves our government to take speedy measures for meeting this new and unlooked for emergency; and the preliminary steps for taking these measures have been taken, as we have reason to believe, by the Secretary of the Navy.

The Repellers on Oregon.—There was a densely crowded meeting of the friends of Ireland at Amory Hall, on Monday night, and addresses were made by J. W. James, president, John C. Tucker, first vice president, I. H. Wright, and J. R. Fitzgerald. Resolutions were enthusiastically adopted, declaring that the United States claim to Oregon to the 54th parallel was clear and indisputable; that Irish adopted citizens would maintain the United States government in asserting the claim, and that they would hold themselves in readiness, in the event of a war for the maintenance of the claim, to be called into the military service.

A Washington Letter to the Boston Atlas says:—"The Texas Bill will be signed forthwith, and notice has been given to the Senate, so as to get the Representatives, and especially the Senators, upon the ground at the earliest practicable moment. The vote of the Tariff is sealed almost beyond hope!"

The Convention Question in Virginia.—It is stated that the newly elected Governor of Virginia (William Smith) is in favor of a Convention and of the free white basis of representation.

Washington, Dec. 23.—I have no doubt myself that the difficulties about Oregon will be compromised on the 49th parallel of north latitude. The folk administration do not anticipate war. If England takes the 49th parallel it will be granted.—Tribune.

Congressional.

Saturday, Dec. 23.—The Senate received a few petitions, and after some unimportant business, went into Executive Session, where they remained a few minutes, and then adjourned.

The members to be supplied with papers, not exceeding \$30 each.

The Senate bill to extend the laws of the United States over Texas, was passed.

Oregon—Military. Congress.—In the Senate, Dec. 23, Mr. McDuffie presented a memorial from Charleston, S. C., asking the establishment of a branch mint in that city.

Mr. Cass submitted a resolution, that the committee on military affairs be instructed to inquire into the expediency of constructing a ship canal around the falls of the St. Lawrence, for the protection of the northern frontier.

Mr. Hannegan submitted a series of resolutions, declaring that all the region west of the Rocky Mountains, lying between 42 deg. and 54 deg. 40 min., belonged to the United States; that there was no power in the government to alienate any portion of this territory, and that such a step would be an abandonment of the protection due to our citizens, &c.; the resolutions lie on one day.

The bills reported by Mr. Benton, of the military committee, for reviving the office of one of the inspectors general of the army, and for establishing a corps of engineers, miners and pontonniers, were passed. A message was received from the House stating that the President had signed the joint resolutions for the admission of Texas.

The Senate then went into Executive session.

In the House, nearly the whole of the day was consumed in motions and discussions in relation to the proposition to elect the superintendent and assistants of the folding room, which subject was referred to a select committee.

The bill from the Senate constituting Texas a revenue district was taken up and passed.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

Tuesday, Dec. 30.—In the Senate, Mr. Hannegan's Oregon resolutions were taken up as the matter first in order, and the order of the day for the third Monday in January.

Mr. Calhoun opposed the motion, and spoke against the resolution with great energy. They declared the question could not be settled by negotiation, and conveyed an implied censure upon the administration for offering the 49th line of parallel, as the boundary. Mr. C. sustained the administration, and offered an amendment, that the bill be amended so as to give the Senate to make a treaty on the basis of the 49th degree, and recommending the renewal of the offer of that line.

Mr. Calhoun rejoined, and declared that the passage of the resolutions of Mr. Hannegan would inevitably lose us for the present all of the Oregon.

Mr. Haywood, of North Carolina, rose and made a conciliatory speech, and moved to lay the whole matter on the table.

Mr. Archer, of Virginia, expressed his cordial approval of the course of Mr. C., and thanked him for it.

Mr. Clayton, of Delaware, thought that the Senate ought not to commit itself in advance of an anticipated treaty.

In the House, the resolutions from the Massachusetts Legislature, in favor of a full review of the Nationality Laws, were taken up.

Mr. Douglass, Mr. Belding, Mr. Simms, of S. C., and Mr. Dickinson, each delivered themselves of a speech—the last named being on the floor as this report closes.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

On Wednesday, Dec. 31, in the Senate, the bills granting alternate sections of public lands for the purposes of internal improvement in the State of Michigan, and for continuing the Cumberland road in the State of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, were passed over informally.

A bill making appropriations for the improvement of certain harbors and rivers, was reported by Mr. Fitzpatrick, with a motion for a second reading and reference to the committee of the whole. The following appropriations are a part of those embodied in the bill: For the Ohio river, below the falls, \$50,000; for the Red river, \$50,000; for the Hudson river, \$50,000; for the St. Lawrence harbor, \$50,000; for Baltimore harbor, \$50,000; for Boston harbor, \$50,000; for Savannah, \$50,000; for Buffalo, \$50,000; for Ashabula, \$50,000; Chicago, \$50,000.

The bill was then referred to the committee of the whole, and ordered to be printed.

A bill to establish a line of stockade forts on the Missouri, for the purpose of the 49th parallel, was reported by Mr. Brinkhoff, of Ohio, and referred to the committee of the whole.

Mr. Rockwell reported a bill for the payment of the passage of General Lafayette from France to the United States, in 1825.

FRIDAY, JAN. 2.

House.—Mr. Cunningham, of O., offered a series of resolutions in relation to Oregon, declaring that the rejection by Great Britain of the offer of the 49th parallel by the U. S. Government, was putting negotiation on the subject at an end. A motion was made to suspend the rules, to allow the said resolutions to be taken up and considered, and the yeas and nays called—yeas 75, nays 89.

Mr. Garrett Davis of Kentucky, moved that the committee of the whole be discharged from the consideration of the resolution heretofore offered by Mr. Douglass, and, in relation to Oregon, and which had been referred to said committee, and made the order of the day for Tuesday next—and that said resolutions of Mr. Douglass be referred to sundry standing committees. The vote was taken on Mr. Davis's motion, and it was lost.

Mr. Douglass's resolutions were finally, after some discussion, made the order of the day for Tuesday the 13th inst.

Summary of Intelligence.

Plymouth Dinner.—One of the pleasing incidents of the Plymouth dinner, says the Advertiser, was the reception of a *turbot* and a *saddle of mutton*, which were brought out by the Acadia and sent to the Pilgrim Society by S. S. Lewis, Esq., of Boston. Mr. Lewis accompanied the present, with a note expressive of his interest in the occasion, and saying that it might be acceptable, as a proof of the great facility of intercourse between Old and New England, and as strikingly illustrating the change which a few years have made in this regard.

Qualifications of an Editor.—He must possess the constitution of a hero, obstinacy of a mule, independence of a windmill, and endurance of a starving anachronism; impudence of a beggar, guile of a chicken-cock, pertinacity of a dun, and entire resignation to the worst of all earthly treacheries.

Starting Developments.—The *Mormons*.—There is intelligence from Illinois, that the Grand Jury of the United States District Court, sitting at Springfield, has been investigating the state of affairs at Nauvoo. The result is, they have found twelve indictments (mostly against the head men of the Mormon Church) for counterfeiting the coin of the United States. Among the number indicted are Brigham Young, president of "the twelve" and Orson Pratt, a prominent leader.

The Nauvoo correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune says:—"I learn that the developments are most startling. It appears that counterfeiting has been the principal part of the business there for some years, and that it has been carried on by the heads of the church. The amount counterfeited has been immense, and the execution has been so nice, as in many cases to prevent its being detected. The prophet, Joe Smith, used to work before the business with his hands."

Other disclosures were made in relation to the robberies and murders, which have never before been made public, but will be in due time.

Although no arrests have been found, yet no arrests will be made, for reasons which will duly appear, and whether creditable or not to our executive, the public will judge.

A woman murdered among the *Mormons* of Nauvoo, on the 15th ult. The murderer fled across the river.

Another Steamboat Lost.—The fine steamer *Caspian* was recently snaggd and sunk near the mouth of the Mississippi. She is a total loss. There were 500 German emigrant passengers on board, most of whom lost all but their lives.

Manlaughter.—The grand jury of New Orleans have found a true bill of manslaughter against Samuel Haynes, chief engineer of the ill-fated steamer *Marquette*, which was blown up just as she was leaving the levee in March last.

License Law.—The subject of the constitutionality of the License Laws of Massachusetts, will soon be argued before the judges of the Supreme Court, and a decision had upon the question, as the bench is now full. The counsel in behalf of the State, are John Davis and Asahel Huntington. They will be opposed by Daniel Webster and E. F. Hilditch.

Amputation.—The Lowell Courier states that Conner, who was run over on the railroad in Woburn three weeks ago, has had his legs amputated, one of them twice, and was able to go to church on Christmas day.

A large party of settlers propose leaving Arkansas for California next May. The chairman of the committee of arrangements gave notice in the Little Rock Gazette, "that the Californians will rendezvous at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the first Monday in April next, preparatory to taking up the line of march for the Pacific coast."

John Quincy Adams has written a letter against the use of tobacco. He says:—"I have often wished that every individual of the human race afflicted with the ardent passion, could prevail upon himself to try but three months the experiment which I have made! sure that it would turn every acre of tobacco land into a wheat field, and add five years of longevity to the average of human life."

The Concordia (La) states that wild pigeons have been seen to the southward of the city, in great masses as to give a cloudy tint to the atmosphere.

Mr. Chipman of Michigan catches it on all sides for saying, in his place in Congress, that education is at war with democracy. The democratic papers generally, repudiate this doctrine with very becoming indignation.

The New Orleans Bee of the 18th inst., says, Tirrell is still in jail in that city, and continues to maintain a dogged silence. Besides this, he appears haggard and careworn, as if laboring under mental suffering.

Notices.

DEDICATION.—The Chapel recently erected in Freyburg, Me., for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Wednesday, the 14th of January. Services to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

A. J. WEBSTER.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT.—The Preachers on Springfield District will remember that at the meeting of the Synod, it was voted to make a donation to the Presiding Elder of the time of holding our S. S. Convention. We will, therefore, please to take notice that said visit will take place on the evening of the 26th instant. Present the subject to your people according to your convenience, and bring whatsoever of their abundance and liberality they will send.

JOHN CLARKE, CHAS. FALES.

NOTICE.—The meeting of the Preachers of Lynn and vicinity will be held at the house of Dr. Denison, in Ipswich, Monday, Jan. 12. Text, Col. 1: 27.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.—AUGUSTA DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER. Sunday, Jan. 17. At 10 o'clock, P. M. 28. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ANOTHER VETERAN GONE.

THE FIRST METHODIST IN MAINE.

REV. DANIEL SMITH died in Wayne, Oct. 10, aged 78 years. He was born in Scarborough, N. H., and moved into this state, (then district of Maine,) when seventeen years of age, and settled in the town of Monmouth, where he experienced the renewing grace of God fifty-two years ago, under the labors of the Rev. Jesse Lee, the first Methodist minister who ever sounded the trumpet of salvation in Maine. Our venerable father Smith, with seven others, constituted the first class of Methodists ever formed in this state. It said he was the first to present himself, and was followed by the rest; but they have all preceded him, and now, in a good old age, he is called to his reward in the company not only of his early associates, but with the "general assembly and church of the first-born." Br. Smith was the father of ten children—one in heaven, the nine on the way, and all, with one exception, are members of the church their father loved and honored. Two of them are local elders in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thus, it is seen, he commanded his children after him in the ways of the Lord; especially was he strict to command the observance of the holy Sabbath. Br. Smith was useful as a local preacher for many years, and his ministry was not without its seals. Thirty-eight years ago he was ordained deacon by the saints of Asbury, and continued his labors as long as he was able. We do not claim for him absolute perfection; doubtless he had his faults, but none of them were of such a character as to survive him. His children remember him with fondest affection, and thank him in his grave for that discipline which, in their waywardness, they sometimes thought too severe.

We might, had we time, mention many excellent traits in his character, but his record is on high. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that he was a man of firmness and decision, and plainly did he show, in his long Christian pilgrimage, that he had counted the cost when he set out. Twenty-nine years he bowed around the family altar alone, but his prayers were answered, and his children were given him. The memory of the just is blessed. D. F. QUIMBY.

Strong, Dec. 26, 1845.

Will the Christian Advocate please copy?

Death has entered within the pale of our church for the fourth time since the commencement of this Conference year, and has snatched away four of our useful and much loved sisters. His first victim was ELIZABETH J., wife of Mr. Samuel Walton, who died August 8, aged 29. She embraced religion in the winter of 1843; but owing to the state of her health, she did not then connect herself with the church. She highly prized the means of grace, and especially the class meetings when she was privileged with them. Her last sickness was long and distressing, but with patience and Christian fortitude she met the king of terrors, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

The second was MARIA S., wife of Br. J. L. Tenney, who died Aug. 29, aged 19. She lived for Christ and died triumphantly.

The third was DIANTRA, wife of Br. Noah E. Powers, aged 35. She died Oct. 12, in peace, and the sweet savor of her name abides.

The fourth was LUCY ANN GAUT, aged 19. She died Dec. 23, after an illness (dropsy of the brain) of three weeks. She was one of the 125 number who sought and found the Savior in the spring of 1844, under the labors of my predecessor, Br. L. Boyden. She lived an example of youthful piety, and endeared herself to all who knew her. On her death bed she gave evidence that her trust in God was not in vain. For a number of days previous to her death, owing to the peculiar nature of her disease, she was insensible, but not a doubt lingers in the minds of her much afflicted relatives, and all who knew her, that she rests with Jesus.

They have gone to the land where there's pleasure and peace:
To the land of the blessed where their song shall not cease,
But higher and higher shall rise in its strain,
To Him who redeemed them, the Lamb that was slain.

Fitchburg, Dec. 25, 1845. AMOS WALTON.

MERCY JENKINS, widow of the late Gideon Jenkins, died in Scituate on the 21st inst., aged 87 years. She has had 13 children, 59 grand-children and 47 great-grand-children; of which are living 9 children, 52 grand-children and 41 great-grand-children.

FRANCIS FISK died in Whitefield, N. H., Nov. 21, aged 34 years. He was converted at the age of 17 or 19 years, and has since lived an upright life. He has been an esteemed member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the past year, Br. Fisk has been in heaviness and darkness "through manifold temptations," but grace triumphed, and he had "a desire to depart and to be with Christ," having the assurance that to die was gain. Br. C. Cowing attended his funeral and preached an appropriate sermon upon 1 Thess. 4: 13, 14, to a large and affected audience.

MISS PRISCILLA S. HUTCHINGS, died in Orland, Me., Dec. 2, aged 121 years, in hope of a better life. A worthy and devoted young lady and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She had much to attach her to a little longer here, but she was charmed by a far brighter prospect than earth could afford. Heaven and her Savior, she could say, were precious; and on his arm she could trust her soul, and her fears of death were taken away. As the flowers of earth bloom to decay, so faded our young friend from earth to bloom in a fairer climate, where flowers never wither. May heaven bless all her surviving friends, and may the Church be blessed, as her members are passing to fill the Church triumphant, is the prayer of their pastor.

JOHN RICE.

North Penobscot, Me., Dec. 22, 1845.

MARK SANDERS, Esq., died in Orland, Me., Dec. 4, aged 61 years, much respected and deeply lamented. He had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for four years. He was converted to God through the influence of a pious and devoted daughter, and since that time his heart has been warmed with Christian benevolence. He was a firm advocate of our holy religion, and especially for the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It may be said, "He was a good man, full of faith, and the Holy Ghost." He was called suddenly to depart; but while he retained his reason, death was disarmed, and through faith he was enabled to give up the strong ties of husband and father to God, and cast all his anxieties on his omnipotent arm, and say, Not my will, but thine, O God, be done.

JOHN RICE.

North Penobscot, Dec. 24, 1845.

God's way of answering the Christian's prayer for an increase of patience, experience, hope and love, usually is to put him into the furnace of tribulation. A Christian must count it all joy when he is tried as gold in the fire.—Cecil.

For Zion's Herald and Wesleyan Journal.

TO PLEASANT RIVER.

BY F. A. CRAFTS.

Beside thy calm and gentle tide,
In Summer's bloom, delight to stray
The Youth, and on the surface glide
When frost has laid his glassy way.
Columbia, (name to freemen dear,)—
Is mirrored on thy liquid glass;
And bids thee toil a moment here,
Then onward to the ocean pass.

The cheerful music of thy "Falls"
Rolls on the pensive midnight hour;
And to reflection sweetly calls
All who frequent this quiet bower.
Thou speakest to the waking ear,
Methinks, to bid us mortals see
How grateful praise, from year to year,
Should rise to God continually.

The storm can never lash thy song,
Or change its language or its tone;
Save, waxing in the tempest strong,
Thy mighty voice is heard alone.
No mossy castles crown thy banks;
No sanguine deeds thy waters stain;
No prowling beasts or serpents vie
In fest this fair abode of men.

No mannaeum lifts its head—
Sarcophagi we have not here—
Where rest the ashes of our dead—
Where falls so oft the bitter tear.
The cypress blooms, the aspens play,
Here, too, the timid red-breast sings;
And in the bosom of May,
The wild, yet sweetest flowerets spring.

December, 1845.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE UNKNOWN.

A TRUE STORY.

Daylight was fast fading from the sky on a cold and lowering evening in November, when a poor woman, leading a little boy by the hand, rang at the door of a handsome house, in the outskirts of the pleasant town of W.

The girl who answered the bell soon returned, and told the lady of the house that a poor woman was at the door, begging a night's lodging.

The lady cast a troubled look at the dead leaves whirling in eddies along the streets, and then at the dark clouds drifting together overhead, and sighed. Her husband had a nervous dislike to admitting unknown persons into his house, and had often charged his family not to suffer any such to pass his threshold. She therefore arose with a heavy heart, and went to the door where the stranger stood, holding the hand of a pale, sick-looking little boy, about six years of age. The woman, dejected and care-worn, seemed ready to sink with fatigue. The lady kindly inquired into her situation, and heard the following account.

Several years ago she had emigrated to the West, with her husband and five children, in hopes of bettering their condition. Their hopes had been disappointed—sickness had entered their cabin—the husband and father was carried off by one of the fevers of the climate, and the children one by one, had followed—the poor, feeble boy, which she held by the hand, alone remained. When all was over, she sold the little property which remained, and with her boy, began, on foot, their melancholy journey back to their native place, at Cape Ann. That evening, for the first time, she found herself obliged to ask charity, but it was so hard to bring her feelings to it, that she had passed through the whole town without feeling courage to stop at a door, until she made her first application at that house; "but," said she, "we do not want food, nor clothes, nor money, we only ask shelter for the night."

The lady felt that this was a case in which she ought to risk the displeasure of her husband, rather than send the strangers away. Accordingly, she led them into the house, and while the bed was preparing, she urged them to eat, but they both refused food, and as soon as their bed was ready, they retired and soon fell asleep.

When the master of the house returned and heard what had happened, he exclaimed angrily, "They shall not stay here—my father would never harbor any vagrants, neither will I."

"But, my dear," said the lady, "they are now asleep—you cannot send them away now—it is very dark, and what hurt can they do here?"

"They will get up when we are asleep and rob the house, and be off before we know any thing about it. It is all a pretence to get inside of the house—but they must up and off."

"O, pray do not turn them out this dark cold night," said the lady. "If you are afraid of their robbing the house, I will sit up and watch them; but they are worn out and unable to go any farther."

"We will soon see how that is," said he, and going into the small room where they slept, he called out, in a loud voice,

"Come, get up and go off—you cannot stay here—I cannot have you here."

The woman raised her eyes, with a look of silent despair, but the little boy, with a nervous agitation, painfully different from the motions of a happy, healthful child, sprang from the bed, and clasping his thin hands together, fell on his knees and cried out, in a shrill, imploring tone,

"O, sir! don't turn us out this dark night! we are almost tired to death. O, do let us stay till daylight!"

The gentleman relented at the appeal, and turning to his wife, said,

"If you choose to give up your night's rest for the sake of their staying, I have no objections, but you must watch them all the while."

The lady willingly consented, and soothing the little boy sent him back to bed. She then took a seat in a neighboring room, and prepared to fulfil her promise, by watching them all night.

The strangers slept heavily, but not quietly.—The poor woman groaned often, and murmured in her sleep of many sorrows. Once or twice she said, with a deep sigh, "Well! well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good."

In after years, that lady was called to endure loss after loss, and trial after trial, until her heart was almost crushed within her; but often, when she was ready to sink in despair, the sleeping words of that unknown widow came to her heart, and brought strength and comfort, and she felt herself richly repaid for a sleepless night, when she had learned to say, "Well! well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good."

Poor unknown woman! if you are still an inhabitant of this world—if the physician has healed your broken heart, know that your words unconsciously spoken, have often strengthened the spirit of a widow almost as desolate as yourself, and in return she now longs to tell you what she has since learned. If we truly know and acknowledge that the Lord is good, our hearts will never break, but grow stronger and stronger under trials.—Evening Traveller.

MARRIAGE—THE FOLLY OF MOTHERS.

It seems perfectly natural that parents should feel a very deep anxiety for the interests of their children, not only in their childhood, but in their riper years. Nor is it strange that they should look upon the subject of their marriage with some degree of solicitude, it being one in which im-

tant interests are involved. But is it not strange to see the folly of some mothers? Their daughters hardly reach their "teens" before they are all on "tiptoe" to secure a beau for them! If at any time one of these mothers appears more than elated, it is because there are a number of beaux in quest of her daughters; or if at any time she is unusually dejected, it is when she has failed in any of her schemes to secure the attention of a young gentleman towards a daughter. This being the subject above all others most interesting to her, it is the never-exhausted theme of conversation with her; and she never appears to lack for interesting matter for conversation on this subject; for it is hardly possible that any young gentleman should pay addresses to a lady in the community but she knows it. The consequence is, this forms the most prominent feature of the education of her daughters. On this subject, they can readily converse, (in the vulgar style,) but they are entirely ignorant of the arts and sciences. They appear to think it stamps a young lady with everlasting infamy if she is not married before she is twenty-five. This is the height of their ambition—early marriage.

The result of such an education and influence is anything but desirable. Without consideration, or hardly a single qualification that a wife should have, they become wives (and some of them mothers, before they should be) of persons of as little mental worth as themselves. Not only are they destitute on the qualifications of a wife, but of the conveniences of house-keeping; and at the very period of their lives when they most need a mother's counsel and care, they leave the paternal roof for life! The mother too sustains a great inconvenience; for at the period when her health begins to fail and old age to come on, and the state of her family is such as makes her a great amount of labor, she is left alone to do all her work, and thus comes down to the grave a voluntary slave to her children. At times she very sensibly sees her folly, but is supported under it by the thought that none of her daughters are old maids! The daughters, too, find that the married life is involved in cares of which they had no idea. O the folly of mothers!

Let mothers endeavor to educate their daughters for God and usefulness here, and never be so vain as to think that either the road to happiness or usefulness is thronged with beaux or early marriages.

UNCLE JOHN.

CHILD'S DEPARTMENT.

THE KNITTING-NEEDLES.

A GERMAN FAIRY-TALE.

A poor widow woman in Germany was living with her two little girls, Margaret and Barbara, in a solitary cottage, which, with the furniture in it, was all she had in the world, except a goat which supplied her with milk, and her good health and industry, by which she was enabled to work and earn her daily bread. She brought up her children in perfect order and good habits, so that diligence and cheerfulness and affection bore rule in the household.

One cold evening the mother went out into the forest to bring home a bundle of wood. On her return she found a poor, wretched-looking white kitten, lying under a bush and crying piteously; she took it up in her apron and brought it home, where the little girls took charge of it very tenderly. Margaret made a warm bed for it, while Barbara soaked a little soft bread in goat's milk for its supper; the mother made the fire on the hearth blaze up, and no wonder the little kitten soon stopped its trembling and crying over all the comforts which the compassionate family provided for it. The mother and children were quite delighted to see the poor thing standing up and looking at them with a bright pair of eyes; but they were nearly frightened out of their wits when the kitten began to talk in a clear and dignified manner: "Thanks to you, dear children, for the kindness which you have shown the poor and miserable. Let such ever be the disposition of your hearts, and the ready services of your hands, and a blessing shall attend you. Leave a token of remembrance on your table, and wish your every prosperity." With these words, the kitten suddenly disappeared. As soon as the mother herself had recovered her fright, she told the children there was no occasion to fear; the kitten must have been a fairy who tried them, whether they had compassion upon the wretched; and she was now friendly and would do them good. She went to look on the table, then, and there was a set of knitting-needles; they were new and bright, but the woman felt rather disappointed, for she thought a fairy might have made them a richer present than that. Margaret, however, was very much pleased with the needles, and begged for mother to let her use them at once, for she had been at work knitting a stocking when her mother came in with the wood and the kitten. Her mother willingly consented; the old needles were drawn out and the new ones put in, but O! how were they all astonished to see the needles immediately begin to work of themselves, without the girl's fingers to guide them! They went on, and went on, more beautifully even and quick than any ten fingers in all Germany could have made them go, though there were very nice ones among them. When the stocking was finished, the needles stopped; the woman took them out, and commenced the other stocking; and as soon as they were fairly put to the yarn, they worked again of themselves as before, and so they went on day after day as fast as yarn was furnished to make them work at.

The mother was soon able to purchase a better house, and to keep cows, and to have her wood brought to her door, because plenty of poor people were glad to work for her, since she could pay wages out of the sales which they made of knitting-work done by the fairy-needles. But she herself remained industrious as before, and milked her cows, swept her house, cooked her food, and mended her own clothes to the day of her death. But as for her children, they became vain and idle, and were glad when their mother died, so that they could sell their house in the country, and move into the town, where they dressed like ladies, followed after amusements, and kept servants to do every little work for them. At the rate they went on, the knitting-needles could not even do work enough to earn what they were spending, and the foolish girls began to find fault with the needles; and as to rendering kindness to the poor, they could spare neither time nor substance for it.

It came to pass, then, one cold evening, that a poor, wretched looking little girl came shivering to their door and begged for something to eat, or clothes to cover her with. The servant had let her get to the kitchen fire, and went to tell her mistress about it; but they came out into the kitchen in a great passion, scolding the servant for letting the girl in at all, and ordering her out of the house directly. At this, the poor girl drew herself up, and looked very commanding; and when she began to speak, Margaret and Barbara were terrified to hear precisely the tone and language which they remembered the white kitten to have used many years ago. "You foolish and ungrateful women," she said, "so sadly have you changed the disposition of your hearts, and perverted into a curse the blessing which I left with you. I meant it for your benefit, and you turn it to your destruction. Return, then, to your former poverty; and may you find with it former contentment, industry and kind-heartedness."

The poor, beggaring girl was the fairy; she disappeared after speaking these words, and the knitting-needles disappeared with her.

The young readers of the Bazaar, no doubt, know that there are no fairies really; and this German tale is only meant to teach them some good lesson. Now if they take it for their lesson this time, that they are to be industrious, contented and kind-hearted, and when God gives them wealth, they are not to become indolent, dissipated and pitiless, they understand this fairy-tale aright; and if their industry, contentment and tenderness of heart spring from love towards the Savior, who for their sakes became poor, was unwearied in doing good, and remembers his disciples now as a compassionate High Priest, then they will hereafter find that the kindness they do to their poor fellow-creature, he owes as a service done even to himself, which shall not lose its recompense.—Bazaar.

PARENT'S DEPARTMENT.

TREATMENT OF CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

BY DR. S. B. WOODWARD.

Children under eight years of age should not usually be confined to the school-room more than one hour at a time, nor more than four hours in a day.

These hours should afford considerable diversity of employments, so as to enable the child to change his posture frequently, and to be more or less upon his feet; and, also, to change the subject of thought, so that the mind shall not be occupied by one subject too long or too intensely.

Intensity should be carefully avoided; it leads directly to disease of the brain, which often, probably, arises from this cause. Precocity is generally the result of a morbid condition of this organ, either functional or organic; the former may generally be cured by timely attention; the latter exhibits itself in epilepsy, insanity, or an imbecility of mind, or proves fatal by the occurrence of inflammation or convulsions.

If a child exhibits any symptoms of precocity, it should be taken immediately from books, and be permitted to ramble and play in the open air, or engaged in manual labor and such amusements as will give rest to the mind, and health and vigor to the body.

The recess at school, for children of eight years and under, should be long, the play active and even noisy, (for the lungs acquire strength by exercise as well as the muscles.) Every child should be required to unite in the sports of play-time.

Fifteen minutes are a short time for recess; half an hour is better, particularly in summer. During recess the school-room should be thrown open in warm weather, and the windows be dropped a little way in cold weather, so as thoroughly to ventilate the apartments. We have hardly learned yet that pure air is equally as important to health and life as good nourishment and pure water. In school regulations, regard is usually had to mental and moral improvement only. We forget that we have bodies, the preservation and training of which are not less necessary to the young than the acquisition of knowledge. Without health we can have little enjoyment. With it we can learn all that is necessary with ease, if we are not in too great haste. No limit is given to the age in which the vigorous and healthy may acquire useful knowledge.

It is of little use to make great acquirements, if, in doing so, we sow the seeds of disease, which will destroy the happiness and usefulness of life.

A PUPIL OF FENELON.

Dr. Wayland, in his admirable illustrations of the laws of veracity, refers to a beautiful story of the Duke of Burgundy, a pupil of Fenelon, which is worthy of being held in continual remembrance. Shortly before his death, he was present at a cabinet council, in which it was proposed to violate a treaty, in order to secure important advantages to France. Reasons of state were offered in abundance to justify the deed of perfidy. The Duke of Burgundy heard them all in silence. When they had finished, he closed the conference by laying his hand upon the instrument, and saying with emphasis, "Gentlemen, there is a treaty." This single sentiment is a more glorious monument to his fame, than a column inscribed with the record of a hundred victories.

TEMPERANCE.

IRELAND.

In a recent letter from Theobald Mathew, he says: "I am delighted to be able to assure you of the triumphant progress in Ireland of our sacred cause. It is a remarkable fact that the disturbed districts in this country are the very parts where the total abstinence pledge has not been administered."

Crime is decreasing in old Ireland just in proportion to the progress of the cause. The Cork Examiner says: "There never was less crime in our country; never fewer cases of a lighter nature. There are but forty cases including bail cases, in the whole county, with its population of nearly a million. The city is almost devoid of crime."—Watchman of the Valley.

In the first municipality in New Orleans, an inspection of the Recorder's books shows that there have been arraigned, from May 1836 to Oct. 1845, twenty-seven thousand five hundred and twenty-two persons. Of this number, twenty-four thousand were brought to the bar of criminal justice by intemperance. The records of the other municipalities are equally crowded.—Ib.

CHILDREN KILLED BY RUM.

The Hagerstown (Md.) News, states that a few days ago a dissipated man named McAfee, living in the South Mountain, in Washington county, came to Smithburgh on business, and as was usual, took home with him a jug of whiskey. The whiskey was deposited in the house within the reach of his children, two of whom partook of it freely. On the return of the mother, she found her children, in the agonies of death, foaming at the mouth, their faces horribly discolored, and so bloated as almost to defy recognition, and in her presence they died an awful and premature death.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

We see it stated in the last Massachusetts Gazette in the village of Paxton, numbering 665, there have been in thirty years, thirty-one rum-sellers. Sixteen have failed in business—eight have died insolvent, of whom seven were drunkards—one died of delirium tremens—one a pauper in Vermont. Two died in Ohio, one in Utica, N. Y., two in Grafton, and three in Paxton. One was sent to the house of correction for three years. One is now a pauper in the town—six run off, and a majority of those now living are not worth a shilling.

GOOD NEWS FROM AFAR.

The southern region of dark and benighted Africa is arousing from its sleep of death. The sun of Temperance is dispensing its dark light upon that dark land. Twenty-five pounds sterling were recently sent in a letter to the secretary of the American Temperance Union, from Umlazi,

near port Natal, directing him to purchase and send to some of the best Temperance publications. Among others, they desired Beecher's six sermons, Hannah Hawkins, and Muzzey's prize essay.

THE GREAT WORK OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Our great work, I had almost said our one work—that which to God calls us above every other—is, to cultivate our vineyard.

This we have to do in view of the existing millions of our actual population, and of an innumerable posterity—a great and pressing work, the greatest to be done on earth, were we to stop at this view of the matter.

But we have more than our own to provide for. Europe is casting her myriads upon us. They are coming in countless numbers, with characters as unformed, habits as unsuited to us, as though they came from another planet. And this is to have no end. Emigration—tremendous as the fact is for us—will continue, and will increase, till this land, as populous as those, affords no room for more. This is as certain as that the waves of the Atlantic will continue to roll upon our shore, or as that a channel opened from one water to another will cease to flow till the two are at a level. There is no stopping this; we must forestall and neutralize its natural consequences, or must suffer them.

And this foreign influx, so dangerous in itself, is followed with the schemes and agents of that religion, and with the instruments of those despoticisms which would reject in nothing so much as in our subversion. How great, therefore, is the demand for our wisdom, all our means, in sustaining the civil and moral interests of our own country for its own sake!

But our obligations do not reach their limits here. They look beyond the water. What do we have, we do for Europe, and in Europe—I had heard of our influence on the Old World; I had no idea of the reality and greatness of that influence till it was forced upon me there. It is tremendous; it pervades and agitates all minds, from the throne down to the populace, or rather from the populace up to the throne; and if ever we are embroiled in actual hostilities with those governments, it will not be commercial interests that will be the occasion of it; the true cause (however disguised) will be the character of our institutions as a republican and Protestant people, and their dreaded effect on the European popular mind.

In the general, growing, decisive strife of despotism and liberty there, all parties have their eye on us. Every social, every moral interest, is confessed to be involved in the destiny of North America. To sustain political and religious freedom here, or the contrary, is to promote or defeat it there. We are experimenting for the world, and are furnishing the data which are to settle the convictions, and influence the action, and determine the condition of many nations, perhaps for centuries to come. The perception of this—the certainty of it—is to my own mind overwhelming. Never, never, to any people, has God committed such responsibilities. Dr. Haves said he was coming home to say to our country, that "The Salvation of America is the hope of the world." That is my conviction, and my heart is swelling with the thought.—Mitchell's Notes from over the Sea.

From the Sailor's Magazine.

THE PILOT'S BOY.

The storm raged loud and fierce. The wind swept wildly over the waste of waters, catching the spray in its embrace and hurling it furiously onward, so that the ocean seemed a vast sheet of foam. The clouds hung low and dark, scowling on the terrible vortex below. It was one of the most awful tempests that had for years devastated the Atlantic coast.

On a low, sandy beach, against which the waves thundered until the ground shook beneath them, stood a mother and her daughter, gazing anxiously seaward, regardless of the storm. So powerful was the wind that they could with difficulty stand; yet they fearlessly kept their watch, shading their eyes with their hands to keep off the spray, apparently looking for some object on the ocean. Suddenly the child cried:

"Mother! there they are!"

She pointed with a trembling finger as she spoke, and following its direction, the mother beheld a white speck, like a flake of snow, amid the dark waters, on the horizon. It rose and fell, but kept increasing in size, as if approaching.

"O Lord! I think thee!" said the mother, clasping her hands and looking up to heaven. "The father of my babes yet lives; save him for my sake."

It would have melted the sternest heart to have heard the deep emotion with which she breathed that prayer. Then, with hands clasped before her, she stood silent, watching the little bark which contained her husband and her only boy. And bravely did that gallant craft struggle through the tempest. Now it would be lost to sight in a whirlwind of foam as it plunged through a head sea, and then it would re-appear, at white light glancing like the wing of a gull. At times the wind would press with such force on the close of a reefed canvass, as to lay her nearly level with the billows, so that the mother's heart nearly sunk within her, for it seemed then as if the brave bark would never recover herself; and again the frail spar would struggle upwards, and the boat skim along for a space, like a spirit walking the deep.

For nearly half an hour the little bark was thus visible; and during that period the suspense of the mother was worse than the most intolerable agony. One while she saw herself bereft of those she loved, and again hope would resume its sway in her bosom, only, however, to be again overthrown by the next surge that broke over the devoted craft. It seemed a miracle that the boat had lived so long; and even the sanguine hopes of a mother could not long persuade her she should see her darling boy again.

At length one mountainous billow was seen advancing, its huge breast lifting itself slowly up, the masses of waters piling one over another until they seemed to mingle with the black clouds above; then a speck of foam suddenly appeared on the extreme top of the wave, which, spreading rapidly to right and left, until the crest was everywhere crowned with it, the huge bulk of piled up waters tumbling headlong, and the boat, which had been seen a second before laboring in the trough of the sea beneath, was lost to sight for ever in the white and chafing whirlpool.

The mother held her breath as the waters fell, and remained, like one struck by a basilisk, gazing on the fierce vortex, as if hoping against hope, that the boat would re-appear; but moment after moment passed, until it seemed to her as if hours had elapsed, and yet no sign of the bark was visible. At length the waters partially subsided; another billow swept over the place where the first had broken, and then the mast of the little craft rolled upward; but the hull was nowhere to be seen.

"They are lost! O! my dear father—and Harry!—mother, can't you save them?" said the child, in accents of the most heart-breaking grief.

But the mother answered not. She looked wildly at her daughter, and then ran, like one distracted to the edge of the surf, venturing so far down with the undertow that it appeared incredible that she could escape the angry breakers. Here she strained her eyes again to see if she could catch a glimpse of the crew of the ill-fated

boat. But nothing was visible except the black surges, capped with foam; and no sound was heard but the roar of the hurricane. "O! Father in heaven!" she cried, in accents of that stony grief which, once heard, lives for ever in the memory. "Save my child—save him yet!"

At that instant a dark mass appeared on the crest of a breaker, and with a cry of joy the mother saw the form of her darling boy close at hand. The next moment the boy was hurled towards her, and, rushing recklessly into the surf, she caught the child by its clothes, and hurried inward to gain the dry land before a second surge should overtake her. Twice she was struck down before reaching the beach; twice the weeping daughter lost sight of her mother; but the energy of the parent finally triumphed, and she bore her prize to land and laid the senseless form on the beach. The moment after, the hardy frame of the pilot was seen struggling with the surf; and he, too, at length reached the shore in safety. The first object that met his gaze was the body of his darling extended on the beach.

"My boy! my boy!" he cried, casting himself beside it. "O God! he is dead!" with a heart-broken exclamation, and wringing his hands, he looked up to heaven, his whole face convulsed with the fearful agony of a bereaved father. It was a touching spectacle. In the foreground lay the figure of the boy, cold and wet, his beautiful hair washed back from his face, and his little arm extended by his side, as if he had been sleeping. Over him knelt the afflicted mother, her form half prostrate on his, and her face buried in his hands. Her garments, and those of the father, were flying wildly in the wind. The background of the picture was filled up by the white foam of the surf, and the whirling masses of clouds overhead. In the distance, scarcely visible through the darkness of approaching night, was a little fishing village.

"But may he not yet live?" suddenly said the mother,